

B.I.G. Notorious

"Dead Wrong"

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repeat 2X)

The weaker the strong

Who got it goin on

Your Dead Wrong

(Verse One)

Relax and take note

While I take totes of the marijuana smoke

Throw you in choke

Gun smoke gun smoke

Biggie Smalls for mayor

The rap slayer the hooker layer

Muthafucka say your prayers

(Hail Mary full of grace)

Smack the bitch in her face

Take her Gucci bag and the North Face off her back

Jab her if she act

Funny wit the money

Oh you got me mistakin honey

I don't wanna rap ya

I just want the paper

The Visa capisha

I'm out like the vapors

Who's the one the call mister macho

The head honcho

Swift fist like camacho

I got so

Much style I should be down wit the stylistics

Make up to break up

Niggas need to wake up

Smell the indonesia beat you to a ceasure

Then fuck your mom hit them skins to amnesia

She don't remember shit just the two hits

Her hittin the floor and me hittin the clit

Suckin on her tit

Had the hooker beggin for the dick

And your moms ain't ugly love my dick got rock quick

I guess I was a combination of House of Pain and
Bobby Brown

I was humpin around and jumpin around

Jacked her then I asked her who's the man

She said B-I-G then I bust in her E-Y-E

Yo Big your dead wrong

(I don't care what nobody say)

Your dead wrong

(I don't care what nobody say)

Your dead wrong

(I don't care what nobody say)

We gotta do things right

(X2)

The weaker the strong

Who got it goin on

Your dead wrong

(Verse Two)

The pain I inflict

Like a convict

???????????????????? vigor

Jump in my Acura Vigor after I stick ya

Rip ya like razor straight up henny wit no chasa

Watch me erase ya misplace ya

Put ya in the back wit the derelects

Yeah I pop plenty shit

Chump i'm makin hits

No time for that crack rockin shit

Took you to another level

Now i'm gettin crazy pates

Gettin paid from the devil

Another amatuer tryna damage the pedigree

Of the B-I-G-G-I-E you know its me

Hoes I thought you knew i'm smooth as a baby's ass

Smooth as Teddy Pentergras

Smoke the grass get in ya ass

The Brooklyn born teflon don

Reckin shop

Gettin props provin nobody drops

Words as potent as the blunt smokin Bed Stuy bandit

And niggas just can't understand it

I bust a cap for my brothers in
Nappmack, Comstock, and Clinton

You know my shit is hittin

Yeah ya'll the fly nigga Biggie Smalls

Kickin flavor make a nigga dig up in they draws

For the burn that catch your body

I got styles like karate

Jujitsu when I hit you

Then I split you like a cantaloupe

Hope you gotta rope to hang yourself

I rhyme for self

From Brooklyn where else

Back like a Lexus coop i'll rip your troupe

Not even Lois Lane could get the scoop

What you think i'm stupid muthafucka

My crew is mad deep

I hope you niggas sleep

(Chorus

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